

A Journey 111

Chapter 111 Overwhelmed.

Ella and Teuila found themselves enveloped in a brilliant, radiant white light that momentarily blinded them.

As the luminous glow began to fade, an awe-inspiring figure emerged before their eyes, its presence commanding and immense.

Standing there was a magnificent white dragon, towering at a height of 10 meters. Its expansive wings created a formidable shadow that covered the ground.

Crowning its majestic head were four imposing horns, while its sturdy legs resembled the girth of ancient tree trunks.

A slender, elegant tail swayed with a mesmerizing grace behind it, captivating the two girls in awe.

Ella's eyes widened as she beheld the awe-inspiring spectacle before her.

Archer cast his gaze upon the two of them, approaching them as he lowered his large head and gently nudged them.

They reached out to caress his beautiful white scales, feeling the coolness and smoothness beneath their fingertips.

While they carried on with their conversation, a sudden presence made itself known. Without warning, Sera materialized beside Archer, landing on his head.

Nestling into a cozy position, she found solace and swiftly drifted off to sleep.

Archer lay down while the girls continued to stroke him, relishing the sensation of their touch.

They stayed in that position for a while until he transformed back into his humanoid form. As he reappeared, both girls smiled, and Archer gazed at Ella before speaking.

"Ella, Teuila, I want to be with both of you," Archer declared. "I desire to have both of you by my side. However, if either of you has reservations about being involved with someone who openly desires multiple women, I will understand."

Glancing down, he noticed that both of them remained silent, their eyes fixed on him. Then, with a wide smile adorning her face, Teuila spoke up.

"If the rumors are true and Father intends to arrange a union for us, I honestly don't mind how many women you have as long as you don't neglect any of us." She revealed.

Archer's smile widened as he looked up, eagerly awaiting Ella's response. When she spoke, his smile grew even broader.

"I am already yours, Arch," Ella declared, approaching him slowly and taking hold of his hand. "Honestly, it doesn't matter to me how many women you have, as long as I hold a place in your heart."

Beaming with joy, Archer embraced Ella and motioned for Teuila to draw nearer. With a blush coloring her face, Teuila walked over, and Archer pulled her into the embrace as well.

She found herself enveloped in a warm embrace with Archer and Ella. Teuila was initially bewildered, but as she heard his words, she melted into his embrace.

"Thank you, girls. I promise I'll never let either of you down." He assured them.

The trio continued their embrace for a little while longer before making their way to the cottage, walking along the pathway that led to the entrance.

Ella, in awe, whispered, "It's so beautiful and cozy."

Upon stepping inside the cottage, Ella's eyes widened at the inviting atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Archer headed towards the bedroom, removing his shirt and tossing it into his Item Box.

At that moment, he felt two sets of eyes fixed upon him. He slowly turned around, only to see both girls gazing at him, causing his cheeks to flush with embarrassment before he spoke.

"What's got you girls so captivated? I feel like a rabbit under the watchful eyes of two she-wolves," he remarked, playfulness lacing his voice.

Both girls wore broad smiles, their eyes lingering on his lean yet well-defined physique. Teuila playfully chimed in, her voice teasing, "Can't we just appreciate our fiancé's body?"

Sera joined in, nodding as she floated around the trio, prompting laughter from all of them. Archer chimed in.

"There are bedrooms scattered throughout this floor. Feel free to choose one."

He entered a bedroom, climbed into bed, and got comfortable. Soon after, the door swung open, and both girls walked in, making their presence known.

Ella gently pulled Teuila along, her cheeks flushed with a rosy hue. Teuila could feel Ella's bubbling excitement despite avoiding eye contact with Archer, their anticipation filling the air.

"Hey Arch, do you consider me your fiancée now? When did you ask me?" Ella inquired, a playful giggle escaping her lips.

Archer's warm grin deepened as he gently took her hand, pressing a soft kiss upon it.

"When the time comes for us both to come of age, will you honor me by becoming my wife, El?" He asked, his voice filled with heartfelt emotion.

Ella's eyes widened in surprise, but a radiant smile appeared on her face as she nodded with happiness.

"Yes, without a doubt, Arch. I eagerly await the day."

Captivated by Teuila's mischievous gaze, Archer shifted his attention toward her, his voice filled with tender anticipation.

"Teuila, when the time comes for us both to come of age, would you be willing to share your life with me?"

Her gaze fixed upon him, and a beautiful smile slowly illuminated her face.

With a soft voice filled with affection, she whispered her response, "Yes, Arch. I would be thrilled to embark on that journey with you."

Archer's smile widened, brimming with warmth and joy, as he motioned for them to join him.

When they saw his gesture they exchanged glances, their cheeks tinged with a blush of anticipation, before nodding in unison.

Ella proceeded to remove her summer dress, revealing a black bra and panties. Archer's eyes widened in surprise at her boldness.

Despite her petite frame, she possessed a slender waist and well-defined curves, a testament to how hard she worked.

Her face turned bright red as she crawled into bed and settled down beside him.

Teuila felt nervous but gradually removed the loose dress she was wearing, all the while aware of Archer's gaze was fixed upon her.

She let the dress gracefully fall to the floor, Archer was taken aback, a look of surprise appeared on his face.

Teuila's physique resembled that of a sculpted Greek goddess.

She had well-defined thighs that complemented her slender waist, while her large boobs swayed with a captivating allure as she moved.

When Ella noticed Archer looking at Teuila, she giggled and playfully poked him.

"Yes, she's really beautiful, isn't she? You're lucky to have found someone like her, Arch. Always treasure her and never let her go."

He smiled as he kissed her forehead, "I won't let either of you go."

Teuila gracefully moved around the bed and climbed onto the opposite side, listening to the half-elf's words of praise.

Archer laid back down and got comfortable, as the girls joined him, each lying on one side of him. Teuila maintained a slight distance, while Ella curled up next to him.

He pulled Teuila closer, causing her to smile as she rested her head on his chest. However, a sudden red blur caught their attention.

Sera gracefully landed on his chest and curled up, enjoying the affectionate strokes. She quickly fell asleep.

A little while later Archer felt Teuila's gaze, as he looked at her they both heard gentle snores, prompting them to look at Ella, who had already succumbed to a deep sleep.

Amused, they shared a soft chuckle before everything went quiet. In an instant, Archer felt a delicate hand caress his cheek, causing him to turn towards Teuila.

When he turned his head he was caught off guard by the gentle touch of her soft lips meeting his, the tenderness of the kiss completely enveloping him.

They shared passionate kisses, deepening their connection. When they finally pulled away, their eyes locked in an affectionate gaze.

Their cheeks turned rosy, and Archer wore a foolish smile as he whispered softly, "What was that for?"

Teuila gazed into Archer's mesmerizing violet eyes as they lay together, finding herself captivated by their enchanting glow.

She summoned the courage to express her feelings, her voice filled with vulnerability. "For some reason, I feel an intense attraction towards you."

Before she could continue, Archer interrupted her words with another passionate kiss, surprising her.

Overwhelmed by the moment, Teuila reciprocated, their lips meeting in a tender embrace.

As they reluctantly parted, a shared smile adorned their faces. Teuila whispered softly, her voice filled with genuine happiness.

"I am grateful to have crossed paths with you. I never could have imagined that the half-dead boy I once helped would now become my fiancé, without anyone needing to intervene."

With smiles on their faces, they embraced each other before drifting off to sleep.

Archer awoke on a balcony, greeted by the enchanting sight of shooting stars painting streaks across the night sky as he gazed upward.

"You're here finally here."

Suddenly, a voice, simultaneously alluring and commanding, resonated from behind him, causing him to in turn around shock.

Before him stood a breathtaking woman, her lustrous white hair cascading around captivating violet eyes that mirrored his own.

But it was the four exquisite horns adorning her head that truly caught his attention, adding an air of elegance to her presence.

Archer found himself utterly captivated by the woman's flawless curves, her body exuding perfection with every graceful step she took.

Her confidence and mystery radiated from her, enveloping her surroundings.

With each movement she made, her perfect huge chest swayed enticingly, further enhancing her charm.

She halted before him, a wide smile gracing her face. At that moment, a single thought raced through Archer's mind.

'Who is this Milf?'

Chapter 112 Mysterious Woman.

The woman's gaze was fixed upon him, as if he were a delectable feast, while her violet eyes shimmered with intensity.

With an air of intrigue, she finally spoke in a seductive voice.

"Hello, my white dragon. I had wished to meet you sooner, but my duties have kept me occupied, tending to those whom you have rescued and required my assistance."

She motioned towards a chair placed next to a table, inviting him to take a seat. Without hesitation, he made his way over and settled into the chair.

She followed suit, gracefully joining him at the table.

Archer couldn't contain his curiosity any longer and posed the question, "Who are you? I apologize, but I have never encountered anyone quite like you before."

A widening smile graced the woman's face as she inquired, "What do you mean by 'anyone quite like me'?"

With a smile, he responded, "Indeed, it is quite apparent that we share a connection. Not only do we both have four white horns, but our white hair and violet eyes are the same."

Archer observed the woman, his eyes flickered with an eerie intensity. "You possess a breathtaking beauty," he murmured.

A sly smile crept across the woman's face upon hearing his words. Few had ever shown such boldness before and it slightly impressed her.

Seizing the moment, she delivered her foreboding message.

"Arch, I have come to you this night to warn you. A long-standing enemy has returned, consumed by vengeful fury. The realms beyond the northern mountains shall crumble, and the celestial bodies, the sun and moon shall falter. It is your choice to aid them, but their destinies intertwine with your own."

Rising from her seat, the woman uttered her final words with a tone of solemn authority.

"My white dragon. Go forth and rescue the sun and moon, tread cautiously in the enemy's presence. They possess a strength far greater than you can fathom. But my dear dragon, we shall meet again."

The scene faded, and Archer slowly regained consciousness. His eyes focused on the ceiling above him.

He felt a weight pressing him down. Glancing to his side, he saw the two girls sleeping peacefully.

Teuila was laying on his chest, her vibrant blue hair splayed in disarray, and one of her legs crossed over his. Ella rested her head on his shoulder, emitting soft snores.

Archer remained still for a little while longer until he noticed Teuila stirring awake. She lifted her head, rubbing her eyes in a sleepy haze.

"Morning, Arch," she mumbled groggily.

Ella, on the other hand, remained sound asleep. Carefully, Archer shifted her position, allowing him to slip out of bed.

He made his way to the bathroom, excited to freshen up, when Teuila's voice interrupted him, "Where are you going?"

Archer halted in his tracks, turning his head with a mischievous grin, "Heading to the bathroom for a bath. Care to join me?"

Teuila's face flushed crimson as a flurry of wild thoughts flooded her mind. She quickly shook her head, causing Archer to burst into laughter at her reaction.

After entering the bath chambers, Archer enjoyed a nice hot bath. Sometime later, he emerged, with a towel wrapped around his waist.

As he glanced around the room, he noticed a brownie engaged in an animated conversation with Teuila.

Meanwhile, Ella remained curled up with Sera nestled in her arms, both were peacefully asleep. Archer chuckled at the adorable sight before making his way over to Teuila.

As Archer approached, Teuila turned around, savoring a juicy piece of meat. After she finished her bite, she greeted him with a warm smile, "Good morning, Arch. How was your sleep?"

"It was good, thankfully I had no nightmares," Archer replied, taking a seat at the counter.

Just then, Teon appeared and placed a plate of meat in front of him. Archer glanced at it, pondering where they sourced their food from.

Shaking his head in amusement, he dug into his meal, paying no mind to Teuila's curious gaze. He devoured the food hungrily, savoring every bite.

After finishing his meal, he pushed the plate away and turned to Teuila, noticing her still gazing at him intently.

With a playful smile, he asked, "Why are you staring at me?"

Teuila blushed slightly but couldn't contain her admiration, "I can't help it. Your scales are absolutely stunning. They're so beautiful."

Archer smiled and nodded, expressing his gratitude. "Thank you. Your blue hair reminds me of the ocean, and I find it beautiful," he said.

"When Ella wakes, we will make our way back to Aquaria," he concluded.

Teuila agreed with a nod, and they continued to sit and chat for a while. Their conversation flowed, filling the room with warmth and laughter.

Suddenly, Ella woke up and interrupted their conversation as she let out a loud yawn, startling Sera who quickly darted away.

She latched onto a beam of the cottage while staring at Ella who sat up rubbing her eyes, shortly after that she got up and approached Archer.

"Morning, Arch. Is that meat I smell?" Ella greeted him, her voice filled with curiosity.

Just then, Teon appeared seemingly out of nowhere, handing Ella a plate of food. Archer looked at Teuila, who shrugged as if she knew why he was confused.

Sera gracefully alighted on Archer's shoulder, finding a comfortable perch as Ella leisurely enjoyed her breakfast.

With the meal finished Ella made her way toward the bath chambers, accompanied by Teuila.

Meanwhile, Archer stepped outside the cottage, loving the gentle breeze brushing against his skin.

As he stood there, he couldn't help but wonder about the mysterious woman he had met in his dream.

Shaking his head, Archer recalled that today was the celebration in the Aquarian Capital.

He reached into his Item Box and retrieved a piece of chocolate. With delight evident on his face, he savored its taste, indulging in a morning treat.

After a while, Teuila and Ella stepped out of the cottage, radiating freshness and beauty. Archer turned to greet them with a warm smile.

Ella donned a flowing blue summer dress, its loose style ensuring comfort and freedom of movement.

Completing her outfit were gladiator sandals that showcased her adorable little toes.

Teuila opted for a loose-fitting red dress that draped gracefully around her. Like Ella, she wore the same sandals, completing her outfit.

Archer couldn't help but notice her toned arms, thighs, and legs, captivated by her toned body. Her large mountains swayed with every step she took.

She had tied her hair into a ponytail, adding to her confident and composed appearance.

"You look absolutely beautiful today." He complimented, his voice filled with genuine appreciation.

Ella smiled in response, while Teuila playfully retorted, "So we don't look good on any other day?"

"Ah, quiet, woman! I'm trying to give you a compliment!" Archer playfully teased as he walked ahead and opened a gate to Aquaria City.

He stepped forward, with the girls following closely behind, and emerged just outside the city.

Ella looked around, taking in the sight of a vast desert grassland that stretched as far as the eye could see.

Curious, she turned to Archer and asked, "Where are we?"

Before he could respond, Teuila chimed in, "We are just outside the capital. Come on, let's head to the palace. Father is probably waiting for us."

The trio continued their journey toward the city's entrance, their footfalls echoing along the path.

As they walked, Teuila couldn't help but notice the lingering gazes from passing traders. As the fourth princess, her presence was well-known among the locals.

However, only a select few recognized the significance of the white-haired man by her side.

On the other hand, Ella seemed unfazed by the attention, her focus absorbed in the new sights and experiences unfolding before her.

With an infectious smile on her face, she took in the vibrant cityscape.

As they approached the gate, a guard hurried forward, falling to one knee in front of Teuila.

Urgency laced his voice as he delivered his message. "Princess, your father eagerly awaits your arrival at the palace." He proclaimed. "He has instructed us to keep watch at the gate, anticipating your arrival alongside the hero."

Teuila acknowledged the guard with a nod. "Thank you. We will make our way on foot to the palace."

Entering the city, the trio strolled down the bustling main street, with Sera nestled comfortably on his shoulder. Archer observed the cityscape as they walked.

Aquaria, a vibrant city, unfolded before his eyes. It seamlessly blended ancient structures with vibrant new constructions.

Situated on the coast, the city was adorned with shimmering turquoise waters gently caressing its shores, a testament to the rich heritage of the Aquarian culture.

Tower-like structures, intricately carved and adorned with tropical motifs, reached skyward.

Their roofs, crafted from woven palm fronds and decorated with colorful feathers, showcased a fusion of natural elements and mystical craftsmanship.

They drew inspiration from the flowing ocean waves and the majestic palm trees swaying in the gentle breeze.

Narrow, winding streets guided visitors through the enchanting cityscape, lined with vibrant hibiscus flowers and lush greenery.

The air carried the tantalizing scent of tropical fruits, mingling with the aroma of traditional Aquarian delicacies prepared in open-air stalls.

Teuila, unable to contain her excitement, grasped Archer's and Ella's hands, pulling them along as they watched the celebration that was starting.

Chapter 113 The Start Of Celebrations.

The city pulsed with vibrant energy as the celebration embraced every corner, filling it with life.

Colorful banners and intricate decorations adorned the streets, casting a spell of enchantment.

The air reverberated with the rhythmic beats of traditional drums and the melodious tunes of Aquarian instruments, interwoven with joyous laughter and excited cheers.

Throngs of people flooded the city, clad in Aquarian attire adorned with intricate patterns and vibrant colors.

Men and women showcased their skills in traditional dances, their graceful movements narrating ancient legends and heroic tales.

The sway of hips and the resounding stomps of feet resonated through the city, evoking a deep sense of pride and admiration in the hearts of onlookers.

As the trio moved through the bustling crowd, their presence didn't go unnoticed.

Excited whispers spread, and soon cheers and well-wishes filled the air, creating a wave of positivity and support that accompanied them on their walk.

Though nobody ventured too close, everyone showed respect to their hero and princess. Aquarians, Zenianians, and Nethanians all joined in the celebration, cheering for the group as they strolled along the bustling street.

Their journey led them toward the palace, and the streets came alive with an outpouring of joy and gratitude.

News of Archer's heroic exploits had spread like wildfire throughout the kingdom, and the people eagerly yearned for a glimpse of their beloved savior.

Rumors circulated, claiming that a white dragon stood guard over the Aquarian Kingdom, burning all the invading armies.

Cheers erupted, echoing through the air as the trio passed by. Faces glowed with admiration and pride, and the crowd surged with enthusiasm.

Men, women, and children waved colorful banners and flags, their voices blending into a chorus of cheers and well-wishes.

"White Dragon! Thank you for saving us!" Voices called out, gratitude dripping from every word.

Archer was taken aback by the warmth and friendliness of the people, witnessing three kingdoms united in celebration pleased him deeply.

"The White Dragon! Our protector!" Resounded the voices, rising above the excited murmurs. The chant rippled through the crowd, spreading like wildfire until it echoed in every nook and cranny of the city square.

Young and old faces alike radiated joy and appreciation.

"Archer, you saved us from darkness! We owe you our lives!" Exclaimed a man from the front row.

The people pressed forward, yearning to draw nearer, their voices eager to reach their hero.

Expressions of awe and happiness danced upon their faces, a testament to the immense power and bravery embodied by their white-scaled hero.

"Thank you for protecting our homes, our families! You were a beacon of hope in our darkest hours!" Cried out a woman, her voice trembling with emotion.

After walking for a while, they finally reached the entrance of the palace walls, where a line of guards stood at attention.

As the trio passed through, the guards saluted them with respect. The Aquarian Imperial Palace stood proudly, its beauty captivating all who laid an eye on it.

Crafted with meticulous precision, the intricately carved wooden beams and ornate motifs commanded reverence and awe.

Every detail, from the graceful archways to the majestic domes, emanated an air of regal magnificence.

The three approached the palace, their eyes drawn to the exterior walls adorned with traditional Aquarian tapa designs.

These stunning patterns, meticulously handcrafted by skilled local artisans, showcased the richness of the southern kingdom's heritage.

Vibrant colors and intricate motifs wove together, creating a visual spectacle that celebrated the artistic mastery of the Aquarian people.

Archer and Ella, in awe of their surroundings, marveled at the splendor of the palace. Coming from a fairly big city, they had never seen anything quite like it.

They felt like country bumpkins amidst the beauty that surrounded them.

The blooming flowers in the palace gardens and the meticulous detailing of the walls in various hues left them speechless.

Teuila's playful pinch caught them by surprise, causing the two of them to yelp.

Rubbing their sides, they redirected their attention to the entrance, where a group of people had gathered, catching their curiosity.

She dragged them over, and a tall man with dark blue hair and the same blue eyes as Teuila stepped forward, reaching out to grab her.

"My dear Teuila, how have you been?" he asked.

Teuila smiled as her father embraced her, returning the hug as they spoke.

"I'm fine, Papa. We came back for the celebrations. Oh, and I traveled to the Land of Plenty, it was amazing."

Her father's eyes widened upon hearing his daughter's words. He was about to inquire further when he noticed the presence of the white-haired young man.

As his gaze fell upon the boy, the man meticulously observed his four exquisite white horns, captivating violet eyes, and elf-like ears.

The sight of the boy's scruffy white hair sparked inward laughter within him.

After releasing his embrace on Teuila, he took a step forward to approach Archer. He positioned himself in front of Archer and offered his hand, extending it for a handshake.

Archer met the man's gaze and firmly clasped his hand as the man spoke, a massive smile adorning his face.

"Hero of Aquaria, I am thrilled to finally meet you. Thank you for saving my kingdom and bringing joy to my daughter. I have never seen her smile like she is now."

Maintaining his grip on Archer's hand, eliciting giggles from Ella, the man continued.

"I am King Lashure Aquaria. Do you see that woman with striking dark blue hair? That is my wife, Queen Mele Aquaria."

The woman's green eyes gleamed as she greeted Archer with a smile. "Thank you for coming to our aid in our time of need."

Archer returned the smile and nodded in acknowledgment.

King Lashure proceeded to introduce the princes and princesses.

"The towering boy beside her is the first prince, Maleko. Standing next to him is the second prince, Malosi, and the third prince goes by the name of Triton, but I believe you two have already met."

Finally releasing his hand, King Lashure guided Archer toward the rest of the family. With warmth in his voice, he introduced Teuila's sisters.

They came to a halt before a young woman in her twenties, her lustrous dark blue hair cascading around her.

"Allow me to present the first princess, Tausala. And here we have the second princess, Sosefina, and the third princess, Tala."

Tausala bore a striking resemblance to Mele, while her siblings resembled their father in female form.

Their eyes shimmered like precious emeralds and deep sapphires, while their hair displayed an array of captivating blue hues.

They all look young, and even Lashure himself defied the passing of time, causing a perplexed expression to cross Archer's face.

Sensing his confusion, Tausala giggled as she spoke up. "Why do you gaze upon us as if we were peculiar creatures? I think you're curious about our youthfulness."

Archer didn't conceal the truth and simply nodded in agreement.

Queen Mele intervened before her daughter could speak. "The Aquarians hail from an ancient lineage of merpeople known as Aquarians. Although we appear human, at our core, we are mermaids. We possess Aquarian magic, granting us the ability to breathe and navigate through water with remarkable swiftness."

Nodding appreciatively, Archer responded, "Fascinating. Thank you for enlightening me."

As he engaged in conversation with the King and Queen, he overheard the siblings speaking to Teuila and introducing themselves to Ella.

Tausala was the first to inquire, addressing Teuila, "Little sister, is he the man Papa has chosen to be your husband?"

Teuila couldn't hide her cheeks turning red, and Sosefina quickly noticed.

Unable to contain her excitement, she interjected, "Oh, sister, you're so lucky! You get to marry a dragon!"

Then Tala shared her perspective, "Do you both get along? It's crucial for a successful marriage that the couple gets along well."

At that moment, the collective gaze of all three sisters landed on Ella, who stood there observing everything unfold.

Stepping forward with grace, Tausala, the first princess, introduced herself, saying, "I am Tausala. May I inquire about your name and your relationship with my baby sister?"

Ella, looking at the blue-haired woman, before responded with a warm smile, "Hello, I'm Ella. I would say Teuila and I are sister wives or soon-to-be."

Tausala's eyebrow arched in surprise upon hearing Ella speak. She glanced at Teuila, who was engaged in conversation with Sosefina and Triton, a big smile adorning her face.

"So she has already chosen to marry him without Father having to intervene?" Tausala asked, her curiosity evident.

Ella looked up at the woman, her smile unwavering, and replied, "Yes, they have a growing connection to each other. From what I have seen, they are remarkably similar in many ways."

Observing the young blonde woman, Tausala's gaze softened. "That's wonderful. She deserves to discover happiness, for she was a lonely girl growing up."

Ella beamed, her words carrying warmth. "Arch was also lonely, with only me by his side. I'm delighted he found someone else."

In agreement with Ella's sentiment, Tausala nodded. Just then, Lashure's voice resonated, summoning everyone. "Dinner shall be served. Let us proceed to the grand hall!"

Chapter 114 The Doom Of Frosthalm.

[This contains plot elements read if you want to understand the plot in the future]

A century prior to Archer's birth, the haunting tale of the Doom of Frosthalm was penned by Draven Drakebane, one of the few survivors who bore witness to the horrifying events that unfolded.

In a time long ago, a city nestled within a large valley in the northern part of the Avalon Empire.

This extraordinary city existed both above and below the earth's surface. It stood as a testament to the coexistence of its inhabitants.

Frostholm was a beacon of trade and fortitude in the north. It was fortified by giant walls and guarded by the icy currents of the Shadowflow River.

For countless ages, it had stood as the mighty bulwark of the Duchy of Frostwyn, staunchly defending the empire against relentless threats.

Its splendor resounded far and wide, drawing millions of visitors each year.

Within its bustling harbor, the sails of Dwarven, Elven, and various other race's trading vessels unfurled, bearing exotic goods to be sold and traded.

The city had always been there, no one knew who built it but the Avalonians settled it. The nobles were rich, and the citizens were happy.

The men above worked hard in the fields that surrounded the city, growing plenty of food for the population.

The Dwarves lived below, mining ore and gems, crafting great works of art and weapons of war, which they sold in the city above.

But one day, the various races wanted to give praise to the gods who blessed their city. One man suggested that they build a temple in the center of the city.

Everyone agreed and they started gathering stone smiths, masons, and workers to start the great project, which took 60 years to complete.

Nestled in the center of the city, a magnificent temple rose, a testament to timeless beauty and grandeur.

Built entirely from gleaming marble, its pristine white facade glistened in the sunlight.

Towering pillars, stood sturdy and regal, standing like sentinels, reaching skyward with intricate carvings and delicate reliefs.

Once they finished the building, a mysterious man stepped forward, proposing that they build a grand tower dedicated to the Goddess Valeria that would pierce the heavens.

It would Symbolize Frostholm as a radiant beacon of hope in the unforgiving northern realm.

Over the passing years, generations of citizens worked tirelessly on the magnificent tower, meticulously crafting it with rare Prismarble stone.

Children marveled as they watched their fathers and grandfathers dedicate their lives to the tower, as it soared ever higher into the clouds.

As those children matured and assumed their father's roles, the tower morphed into a testament to their skill and tireless efforts.

However, as construction progressed, it became increasingly difficult to build higher. The men wrestled with this predicament for years.

Desperately seeking a solution, they turned to the skilled Dwarven builders, appealing for their help.

However, despite their impassioned pleas and promises of generous rewards, their requests were met with staunch refusal.

The Dwarves remained resolute, they were filled with skepticism towards the mysterious figure who proposed the construction of the tower.

[20 years before Archer was born]

20 long years passed as their wits were on the verge of breaking, and that's when the same mysterious stranger emerged from the shadows, extending a helping hand.

His presence bore a mysterious aura, he offered his assistance for a single request, to let him add his own dedication to the gods.

The men, brimming with hope, eagerly agreed to the agreement.

Guiding him to the temple entrance, they watched as he walked through the entrance, he turned around and warned them against entering until midnight.

Time passed slowly, leaving the city shrouded in an atmosphere of anxious anticipation.

People started gathering in small clusters outside the temple entrance, their gazes fixed upon the awe-inspiring white tower piercing the heavens.

Amidst the gathering, the leaders searched for the mysterious man, but he had vanished without a trace.

Atop the towering structure, only his contribution stood proud, an ominous black-colored bell.

Yet, undeterred by the man's disappearance, the leaders joined the party, reveling in the joyous occasion.

As the jubilant celebration of their father's completed work continued, the approach of the midnight hour cast a foreboding shadow over the ongoing party.

However, atop the towering structure, the great bell stirred with an eerie resonance, its chime reverberating ominously through the night.

It rang once, then again, and finally a third time.

Each stroke of the bell sent shockwaves through the souls of the people below, causing them to stagger, clutching their ears in agony.

A foreboding sense of dread took hold as the bell tolled thirteen times, its haunting toll echoing through the depths of their being.

The final chime dissipated into the air, and an immense storm cloud formed above the city, casting its ominous shadow over Frosthalm.

The heavens unleashed a deluge of obsidian rain, which rained down relentlessly upon the people, swelling the river and flooding parts of Frosthalm.

The city was struck by thunder and lightning, igniting fires and intensifying the panic among the citizens.

Days turned to weeks as people endured the relentless downpour. Night after night, the bell rang thirteen times, causing the weather to worsen.

The torrential rain showed no respite, only intensifying with each passing day, wreaking havoc and plunging the city into a state of chaos.

Starving and in dire need of assistance, the citizens fervently prayed to the gods, hoping for deliverance.

However, their pleas went unanswered, leaving them in profound disappointment. The Leaders dispatched riders to other cities, but they vanished never to be seen again.

Fear swept through the streets, propelling the panicked masses towards the sanctuary of the temple, their last hope.

However, to their horror, the doors were shut, denying them safety from the darkness that had invaded the city.

Weeks stretched into agonizing months, further worsening their fear and despair.

With each passing day, the terror thickened, as citizens vanished without a trace, their lifeless forms later discovered half-eaten.

Whispers spread like poison, tales of men-sized rat creatures prowling the alleyways, their presence invoking terror.

Despite the rumors circulating, some people disregarded them and continued their tasks.

However, the weather intensified further, with lightning and thunder converging above the city.

The blackened clouds loomed ominously overhead, their darkness intensifying with each passing moment.

Driven by hunger and nerves, the citizens pleaded for aid, seeking refuge within the halls of the Dwarves, pleading to them to open the gates and grant entry to the people.

However, their pleas fell upon deaf ears, as the Dwarves retreated behind the impenetrable gates of their subterranean fortress, leaving the citizens to confront their doom alone.

Night after night, the tolling of the great bell pierced the darkness, its chilling resonance striking fear into the hearts of those who dared to listen.

But it was on a fateful night that the thirteen tolls of the bell brought a shower of meteors that descended from the heavens.

Hurting toward the homes and stores of the city, obliterating all in their path. Devastation reigned as the river water surged, swallowing the once-thriving fields.

In the wake of the deluge, the remaining food stores became a banquet for ravenous rats and other vermin, leaving the citizens starving and terrified.

With each passing moment, even more comets rained down from the heavens, destroying many buildings and leaving a trail of blood in their wake.

Consumed by heightened fear, the citizens of Frostholm once again sought sanctuary in the realm of the Dwarves, fervently requesting shelter and aid.

But they got angry claiming that their own resources are stretched thin, leaving them unable to offer help to them.

They cast the pleading citizens out of their halls, telling them to never come back. Months went by, and a grim specter of death was hanging over every street.

Abandoned bodies lay strewn along the roads, left to decay, as the lives of the citizens succumbed to the relentless onslaught of the ongoing chaos and the invasion of creatures that roamed the city.

The guards, tasked with safeguarding the people, found their efforts were worthless, they couldn't keep up with the reports or patrolling every street.

Consumed by fear and hunger, a group of Frostholm nobles, accompanied by their loyal guards, launched an assault on the gates of the Dwarven sanctuary.

Stepping into the depths, they were met with an oppressive darkness that engulfed them, forcing them to draw close and ignite their torches.

Within the flickering light, a grisly scene revealed itself. Tattered remnants of fabric cloaked gnawed bones, strewn across the scene.

With caution, they combed through the chamber, yet they didn't find anything. As the men ventured further towards the grand hall, their footsteps faltered abruptly, frozen in terror by an unsettling sight.

Dozens of radiant crimson eyes were fixated upon them, their piercing gaze cutting through the abyss.

Of the thirty courageous souls who descended into the realm of the Dwarves, only three emerged from the entrance, their bodies battered and souls broken.

They recounted tales of towering abominations and rat-like creatures that plagued their every step, weaving a story of pure horror in the depths below.

The city guards hurriedly attempted to reinforce the entrance to the underground domain, frantically erecting barricades. However, their endeavors proved futile as it was already too late.

The attacks increased throughout the city, and the ominous black rain intensified by causing floods on most streets, casting an eerie atmosphere over the city.

Whether it entailed abducting helpless guards, whose horrifying cries echoed through the city, or ruthlessly butchering a shopkeeper on his way home.

Chapter 115 The Doom Of Frosthalm. (2)

[This contains plot elements read if you want to understand the plot in the future]

No one dared to venture out alone, knowing the grim fate that awaited them, hunted by unknown beasts that lurked in the dark.

Within the city, the imperial guard who was stationed in the city met a tragic end, their throats slit in the night by ghostly figures who vanished into the shadows.

Under the cover of darkness, monstrous figures and Rat-men silently prowled the alleyways, slaughtering both soldiers and civilians alike.

Veiled by a thick fog and the constant rain, the once familiar roads leading out of the city were transformed into treacherous death traps and no-go zones where death was ripe.

In Frostholm's main square and its surrounding vicinity, Hellish creatures and rebellious rat-like men converged, rounding up the captured citizens.

The Darkness descended upon the houses, shrouding them in its malevolent grasp.

Families were forcibly torn from their homes, their horrifying cries echoing through the city, as they were mercilessly dragged into darkness-filled holes throughout the city.

These haunting and tragic scenes unfolded all over, casting a shadow over every corner of Frostholm. Hundreds of thousands of citizens vanished.

It's important to remember that Frostholm was once home to millions of inhabitants.

The city rested in a vast valley, surrounded by towering mountains and the Shadowflow River ran through it heading north.

Its strategic location made it impossible to approach by land except from the south, where two mountains flanked the road creating a narrow way in.

However, individuals traveling from the north had a means of reaching the city by ship.

But now this was used in a desperate bid to evacuate as many refugees as possible, using every available vessel.

As the refugees departed from Frostholm, hundreds of courageous citizens rallied together, mounting a valiant defense that manifested in many last stands throughout the city.

Elves, Humans, and Demi-Humans joined together, to fight off the hordes of creatures. Buying time for the civilians to escape.

In the midst of this chaos, new horrifying creatures with sinewy, elongated limbs appeared and surged forth in relentless waves.

They had red eyes and looked almost human but were a light grey color. Their sharp claws pierced through shields and sliced limbs off like a hot knife through butter.

Confronted with this relentless assault, the leaders rallied the remaining guards, issuing commands to stand firm against the horde.

Their objective: to buy precious time for the remaining refugees to flee to safety.

Along the Shadowflow River, ships hastily embarked, fleeing from the encroaching terror. Yet, the creatures leaped onto them, causing the sailors to fight.

The last remaining refugees left in the city, and the courageous defenders heard a terrifying howl coming from its core.

A surge of rat-like men brandishing crude spears and shoddy swords launched a frenzied assault on the defender's front lines.

Suddenly, a resounding horn pierced the air, capturing everyone's attention. They turned to witness the arrival of the empire's famous Dawnbreaker cavalry.

Led by a Dragon-kin woman with short black hair, piercing blue eyes, and two beautiful black horns.

She was sat atop a steed, charging forward with unwavering resolve.

With perfect movements, the cavalry changed course while forming a wedge formation. Charging directly at the horde, they mowed down everything in their path.

Wheeling their majestic Dawnbreaker mounts around, they regrouped and quickly retreated, returning to the lines of footmen who had formed a steadfast formation before the city guard.

The footmen acted in perfect coordination, raising their large shields and firmly planting them into the ground.

Their shields formed an impenetrable wall of metal and spears, shielding them from the attacking enemies.

Cleverly placed holes in the shield wall allowing the soldiers to thrust their spears and swords at the incoming foes.

Meanwhile, the Mage Core joined the fight, utilizing their magical abilities to create a formidable wall.

It was called the Frosthalm Wall, standing an impressive 50 meters tall and 20 meters thick.

Along the wall, hundreds of Earth Golems began launching powerful Earth bullets at the approaching swarm.

The onslaught of Earth bullets halted the enemy's advance, granting the imperial army a safe opportunity to retreat.

The remaining survivors of Frosthalm, grateful for their deliverance, were relocated to camps on the other side of the wall.

In the years that followed, these camps transformed into thriving small towns

Thus, the legendary Frosthalm wall stood as a testament to the skillful coordination of the footmen, the power of the Mage Core, and the determination of the survivors.

A decade went by, and an eerie, dark fog descended upon the City. There were reports of Rat-Men lurking near the walls, but they were swiftly dealt with.

Groups of brave soldiers ventured into the city, only to find bones stripped of flesh and valuables still laying around.

Additional patrols were dispatched, but they disappeared, leaving nothing behind.

In a daring act of bravery, a lone treasure hunter ventured into the city, only to return with a broken mind, recounting tales of unimaginable horrors he witnessed.

In total 6,000 men and women fell victim to the darkness, vanishing without a trace.

After years of this, the Emperor issued an order to the Department of Military Affairs, commanding them to deploy three imperial armies to the Frostwyn Duchy.

One army was tasked with guarding the Frostholm wall, while the other two were stationed south at Frostwatch Castle.

In the vast expanse of the Frostwyn Duchy, the armies stood strong, with 300,000 soldiers guarding the north.

They stood as guardians, steadfastly defending against the Sabat and Alba kingdoms. And the many beasts that plagued the north.

The defenders of Frostholm stood upon the wall, their eyes scanning the barren landscape beyond as the cold northern winds howled.

Suddenly, from behind them, a horde of orcs and goblins surged forth from the Dreadwood Forest like a wave of death, descending upon the unsuspecting defenders.

Soldiers quickly formed up with their shields, Commanders screaming orders from the rear as mages started casting their spells.

Amidst the chaos and turmoil, the clash of steel reverberated through the air. Defenders stood firm, their unwavering resolve matched only by their valiant swordplay.

With each swing, the defenders met the onslaught of the enemy, their skill and valor shining through the haze of battle.

The clash of metal against metal echoed, a symphony of defiance against the forces of darkness.

Amidst the chaos, there were moments of clarity, where warriors stood tall, their swords glinting in the sunlight, as they faced the relentless tide of orcs and goblins.

The battle raged on with every soldier fighting with everything they had to protect what they held dear.

Arrows darkened the sky as archers unleashed volleys upon the charging swarm. Yet, for every orc or goblin struck down, two more seemed to take its place.

The air was thick with the stench of blood, and the ground was littered with fallen bodies.

As the dust settled it revealed the true nature of the assault, It marked the start of an unrelenting beast wave that happened three to four times a year.

From that day onward, the soldiers of Frosthalm understood that their mighty wall had become the prime target for the beast waves.

With determination and faith in the Goddess Ishtar, they fortified their defenses and devised strategies to counter the ever-present waves.

Yet, it was not only orcs and goblins that came. Darker and more sinister creatures emerged, attacking the defenders from both sides of the wall.

Deep ditches were dug on both sides, the only way to cross was large wooden bridges that would be lifted up when waves happened.

Frosthol, Wall stood firm, its defenders prepared to repel the waves of beasts that came straight from people's nightmares.

With each passing day, the wall's defenses grew stronger, it became an unyielding beacon in the north.

In this battle, the army would not yield, as it stood as the guardian of the south, warding off the hordes of vile beasts and savage creatures.

Countless men and women fought valiantly and sacrificed their lives on the walls or later exploring the ruins to recover lost treasures.

The soldiers tirelessly defended the wall, time seemed to fly by in a blur. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years.

The relentless attacks from all kinds of beasts kept them constantly on guard, but they never failed in their duty.

As the years passed, the survivors of the city settled down and formed towns.

Houses and other needed structures were built, forming a network of towns that sought solace and protection from the wall.

People from different walks of life, displaced by the doom, found refuge and a sense of belonging within these growing towns.

They thrived despite the constant threat from the waves. Busy markets emerged, bustling with activity as traders and merchants exchanged goods and stories.

Schools were established, where children eagerly learned and dreamed of a brighter future. Families forged new bonds, supporting one another through the hardships they endured.

The passage of time on the walls took on a different rhythm, witnessing the growth of these communities over seasons and years.

The towns behind the wall thrived and blossomed with life, their dreams were shattered by an ominous surge from the very city the wall shielded them from.

Amidst the ensuing chaos, a flicker of hope emerged. A prophecy whispered of a chosen one, garbed in white, accompanied by the moon and the sun, destined to triumph over the encroaching darkness.

Chapter 116 The Sadistic Loli & The Cunning Fox. [Bonus]

[The Northern Continent Frostwood - Aetheria Empire's northern border]

A young girl with short blonde hair, piercing blue eyes, and a wicked smile on her beautiful face caught the attention of those around her.

She wore the military uniform of the Aetheria Imperial shock trooper, standing at a height of no more than four feet.

However, her mere presence unsettled those in her vicinity.

This girl was none other than Callista Aetheria, the third imperial princess of the Aetheria Empire, also known as The Death Maiden of the North.

Her love for war was evident, relishing in the exciting sensation of driving her blades deep into the hearts of her enemies.

As she drew her pair of short swords, pulsating energy radiated from their blades, causing them to tremble in her grip.

With an unsettling amount of excitement in her voice, she turned to the men behind her, her smile revealing her sharp teeth and her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"Generals, this battle will soon be over. These northern barbarians stand no chance against us. They will rue the day they dared invade the Aetheria Empire and trample upon my father's benevolence."

Callista, with a mischievous smile on her face, began casting her favorite Enchantment spells.

First, she whispered the incantation. "Swiftstride Enchantment." Feeling the surge of energy course through her body.

She started chanting her spells like a mad woman, and that's when she heard the voices of the generals reach her ears, causing a playful giggle to escape her lips.

"Here she goes again." They whispered. "It's strange, but it undeniably works for her."

Undeterred, Callista continued her incantations, weaving her magic with practiced precision.

"Vitality Infusion, Ironskin Enchantment, Bladewalker's Grace, Lightning Reflexes, Fleetfoot Charm, Fortifying Aura, Reflexive Ward." She chanted, each spell stacking with the previous, enhancing her physical prowess and agility.

As each spell escaped her lips, a shimmering aura unfurled, surrounding Callista in a radiant display of enchantment's might. The very air crackled with the power she commanded.

Amidst the escalating chaos of battle, Callista's laughter echoed through the battlefield, an unhinged symphony of exhilaration and madness.

Unfazed by the looming danger, she flung herself off the hill, a streak of motion hurtling towards the horde of barbarians.

Her laughter filled the air, a symphony of madness, as she unsheathed her short swords and unleashed a relentless assault, annihilating any foolish soldier who dared to stand in her way.

A sadistic glimmer danced in Callista's eyes as she weaved through the ranks, her blades finding their targets with deadly precision.

Regardless of her petite stature, she proved to be a lethal force, reveling in each life she extinguished. The more lives she claimed, the greater her delight.

Her strikes aimed for vital points, executed with unerring swiftness, leaving behind a wake of vanquished adversaries.

With agility that defied logic, she became a whirlwind of destruction amidst the chaotic battlefield, cutting through the mass of men with uncanny dexterity.

Her blades sliced through leg muscles, toppling towering warriors to the ground, before swiftly dispatching them with a final, merciless strike.

As the battle raged on, Callista's gaze caught sight of a towering figure, a beautiful woman with silver hair and fiery orange eyes.

With each swing of her massive war hammer, soldiers crumbled and bones shattered, a path of carnage left in her wake.

The barbarian warrior mercilessly slaughtered numerous Aetherians while having a big smile on her flawless face.

Filled with a mix of excitement and determination, Callista sprinted towards the silver-haired woman, who noticed her approach.

In a voice filled with both joy and resignation, the barbarian spoke, her words tinged with anticipation.

"Calli, good to see you, girl. It's a shame we find ourselves on opposing sides, but let's make this fight memorable, shall we?"

Callista halted in her tracks, a wide smile stretching across her face as she recognized the woman standing before her.

With enthusiasm in her voice, she exclaimed. "Ayla! How have you been? Despite the circumstances, let's make this fight a good one!"

Both warriors exchanged smiles and prepared themselves as the chaos of battle raged on.

Seizing the initiative, Callista surged forward, evading Lagertha's initial assault with swift grace.

However, the seasoned warrior swiftly adapted, redirecting her attack toward Callista once again.

She skillfully evaded the second swing, narrowly escaping its impact. However, she found herself unexpectedly on the receiving end of a powerful kick.

The force sent her hurtling backward, momentarily disoriented but she was undeterred, Callista regained her composure as Ayla charged forward, her massive hammer arcing through the air.

Displaying lightning-fast reflexes, Callista evaded once more, her agile movements allowing her to counter with a quick slash aimed at Ayla's lower legs.

Much to her astonishment, Ayla skillfully wielded her giant hammer to deflect the attack.

Amidst their fierce exchange, both combatants laughed with exhilaration. Despite the absence of any decisive blows, they reveled in the thrill of battle.

As the clash raged on for an hour, the surrounding chaos seemed to fade into the background.

The tumultuous battle came to an abrupt halt as the barbarians, in retreat, began crossing back over Stormwatch Bridge.

As Ayla prepared to depart, she cast a final glance at Callista and spoke with a touch of wistfulness.

"That was quite a battle Calli. Hopefully, we'll cross paths again under more peaceful circumstances. Stay safe until then!"

With those parting words, Ayla disappeared into the distance, leaving Callista with a mix of satisfaction and longing to fight more.

[Eastern Continent - Orientia - The Kitsunia Kingdom]

Perched upon a balcony overlooking the capital city of Vulpes, a young woman with flowing golden hair and captivating red eyes added a touch of enchantment to the view.

With a graceful figure boasting perfect hourglass curves, she epitomized beauty in its truest form.

Her mere presence had the power to captivate, effortlessly commanding attention with her innate charm.

A blonde fox's tail swayed behind her as she planned a war on the neighboring human kingdom of Shadowthorn.

They had raided many Kitsunian towns and villages, so she devised a plan to lure the shadow army into a trap and annihilate them in a single attack.

She had used her spies to gather all the information on the humans, and her mother had given her command over the third army.

As she was deep in thought, a maid interrupted her thoughts. "Princess Himiko, the Queen wishes to see you," the maid bowed and quickly retreated.

Himiko rose to her feet and gracefully made her way toward her mother's study. The path was short, and soon she found herself standing before a beautifully decorated door.

She tapped gently on the door, and a seductive voice beckoned her inside, saying, "Enter my little fox."

Rolling her eyes, Himiko pushed open the door and entered the room. Inside, her mother sat at the desk, engrossed in paperwork, yet still exuding an irresistible charm.

With her perfect curves, slender waist, and thick thighs, she effortlessly charmed anyone who caught sight of her.

Himiko couldn't help but feel jealous of her mother's figure, as she noticed the sway of her mother's massive chest with every subtle movement.

Clad in an exquisite white and black Kimono, her light brown hair was elegantly styled in a bun, accentuating her refined beauty.

Her name was Akane Kitsunezaki, the Queen of the Kitsunia Kingdom. She looked up at Himiko with glowing red eyes and smiled warmly.

"My little fox, when do you leave? Have you planned everything? Do you have enough soldiers?" She inquired, her concern evident.

Returning her mother's smile, Himiko reassured her. "Yes, Okaasan, everything is prepared, and I will be departing shortly."

Akane smiled upon hearing that her youngest pup was ready to confront and defeat the loathed Shadowthorn kingdom.

She shook her head and addressed Himiko with concern. "Be careful, little fox. You are my youngest pup, and I would be devastated if anything were to happen to you."

Himiko's smile widened as she appreciated her mother's honesty. To everyone else, Akane appeared as an ice queen, cold and calculating.

She was the epitome of a perfect queen for the Kitsunia Kingdom, and she had been preparing her oldest pup, Natsumi, to inherit the throne.

Unlike her other pups, Akane granted Himiko more freedom. She wanted her to experience the real world and not be confined to the life of a spoiled princess.

Himiko walked toward her mother and gave her a hug and said. "I shall see you soon Okaasan. I have the mana mirror so you can contact me anytime."

Akane embraced her daughter tightly, reluctantly letting go as she understood Himiko's need to depart.

"Farewell, my dear little fox." She whispered with a mix of pride and concern.

Himiko embarked on her journey, making her way to the town of Suncreek, where she had meticulously planned an ambush for the approaching Shadowthorn army.

Utilizing her network of spies, she spread deliberate misinformation, sowing the belief that the queen herself would be inspecting the border defenses in Suncreek.

The ploy worked flawlessly, as the Shadowthorn army fell into Himiko's trap, their ranks decimated with only a few hundred survivors left, destined to be enslaved.

The battle unfolded heavily in Himiko's favor, as she combined her formidable mind magic with her mastery of fire, unleashing chaos upon the enemy forces and providing her own soldiers with a decisive advantage.

However, she was well aware that this marked the beginning of a prolonged war that would endure for years to come.

Chapter 117 Hero Of Aquaria.

Archer, Teuila, and Ella entered a massive hall adorned with vibrant decorations, creating a feast for the senses.

The air was perfumed with the sweet fragrance of tropical flowers, while soft, melodic Aquarian music provided a soothing backdrop.

The walls were adorned with intricately woven tapa cloths, displaying earthy tones of brown, beige, and red, adorned with symbolic representations of nature, including palm trees, waves, and indigenous beasts.

At the heart of the room stood a magnificent wooden tanoa, exquisitely carved and glistening, its surface inviting and embellished with engravings depicting ancestral Aquarian legends.

Colorful mats and pillows were thoughtfully arranged across the floor, offering comfortable seating.

These mats, woven from Verdantleaf leaves, boasted intricate patterns and motifs, mirroring the vibrant colors of the ocean.

Strings of seashells and colorful feathers hung gracefully from the ceiling, their gentle sway telling stories of distant islands along the Aquarian coast.

As Archer and Ella took in the Royal Palace, their appreciation for its beauty grew.

On a nearby table, a tantalizing Aquarian feast was laid out, filling the room with an enticing aroma that made Archer's stomach rumble.

The spread showcased an array of delectable dishes, from palusami to sapaui, along with exquisitely cooked seafood infused with rare aromatic spices.

Lashure motioned for them to find their seats, Teuila joined her sisters after inquiring where they would like to sit.

Archer guided Ella to an unoccupied seat on his left, settling down beside her.

They took a seat near the king and queen at their urging, Queen Mele's eyes shifted towards the pair, and a gentle smile curved her lips as she spoke in an inviting tone.

"And who is this beautiful young lady seated beside you? And the lovely Tinnen perched on you. I intended to ask earlier, but our conversation carried me away."

Archer returned the smile and replied, "This is my fiancée, Ella. We have been friends since childhood. And this delightful girl is Sera."

The queen's face lit up, her delight shining through as she absorbed his response. She turned to her husband, addressing him with a question.

"My dear, when can we expect the arrival of the other rulers for the celebrations?"

Lashure met her gaze and replied, "They should be arriving later today."

Teula finished her conversation with her sisters and gracefully made her way towards Archer, taking a seat on his right, while Ella was settled on his left.

Sera, comfortably perched on Archer's shoulder, adamantly refusing to move. She playfully nibbled on his ear while attentively observing the scene unfolding before her.

As the atmosphere settled, Lashure seized the opportunity to address the gathering.

"Now, let us indulge in our meal and celebrate the forthcoming festivities. After the sun has set, we shall introduce Archer to the nobles and relatives. But before we proceed, I must once again express my profound gratitude to Archer. It is because of your courageous endeavors that we are here today."

Lifting his glass in a gesture of gratitude, Lashure offered a heartfelt toast.

The rest of the family followed suit, raising their glasses in unison, while the guards punctuated the moment with the resounding thud of their spears striking the floor.

As the toast came to an end, Archer's attention was captivated by Teuila, who wore a radiant smile as she conversed with her mother.

Meanwhile, Ella engaged in an animated conversation with Sosefina, her enthusiasm evident in her expressive gestures.

Lashure's gaze shifted towards him, a playful glint shimmering in his eyes.

"Archer, I must express my gratitude for whatever enchantment or magic spell you've cast upon my little Teuila. I haven't seen her smile this much before. She used to be quite gloomy growing up."

He smiled at the man but quickly ignored him as something caught his attention. The delicious smell of the food filled the air, making his stomach rumble with excitement.

There were platters of succulent roasted rare beast meat, seasoned with exotic herbs and spices, accompanied by bowls of tropical fruit salads, infused with the sweetness of enchanted nectar.

Spicy Magma crabs, their shells glistening with molten lava-like sauce, beckoned to him while steaming coconut dumplings and taro fritters tempted his taste buds.

Unable to resist, Archer eagerly loaded his plate with a bit of everything, his violet eyes gleaming with excitement.

Queen Mele informed him of the delectable dishes before him.

"Archer the meat is Emberhorn Bison, Sunfire Salamander, and Magma Crab."

With a grateful smile, he loaded his plate with even more mouthwatering meat. As he took his first bite, a symphony of flavors erupted, dancing on his tongue.

The bison meat offered tender succulence and a rich taste, while the tropical fruits burst with freshness.

The spicy Magma crabs ignited a delightful heat, leaving his tongue tingling with pleasure.

Then came the Sunfire Salamander meat, its tender flesh melting in his mouth, releasing a heavenly blend of delicate sweetness and subtle smokiness.

As he indulged in each dish, Archer's enthusiasm grew, and he found himself unable to stop. He tried every dish, enjoying the unique Aquarian cuisine.

The flavors were unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and he couldn't help but lose himself in the feast.

Plate after plate, Archer ate with greed, his eyes widening in delight with each bite. His stomach, however, began to protest under the weight of the feast.

Yet, he pushed on, determined to taste every last morsel. Teuila's family, who were seated nearby, couldn't help but watch with amusement.

They exchanged amused glances, stifling their laughter as they observed his appetite.

Finally, after devouring a particularly decadent dessert filled with enchanted chocolate and mana-infused cream, Archer leaned back in his chair, a contented smile on his face.

The feast had taken its toll, and he was now feeling the effects of his eating as his stomach started to hurt.

Teuila's father let out a hearty chuckle, his laughter echoing through the hall. "Archer, my dear, it appears that you have wholeheartedly embraced our cuisine. I must admit, I've never witnessed someone indulge with such enthusiasm. Your voracious appetite truly befits your dragon nature!"

The prince and princesses erupted into laughter, their laughter filling the air. Teuila herself joined in, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she glanced at Archer, now reclined in his chair, rubbing his satisfied belly.

After their satisfying meal, the King instructed everyone to get ready, after that they would be guided to the city square.

In no time at all, everyone was prepared. The Aquarian royal family, along with Ella, adorned themselves in loose-fitting attire, all in shades of blue.

Archer just wore a loose-fitting white shirt, some beige shorts, and flip-flop-like shoes.

The king's advisor informed Lashure that the Zenianians and Nethanians have arrived and are waiting at the city square.

The advisor lead everyone to the city square which wasn't far away from the palace.

When they arrived Archer cast his gaze across the surroundings, he saw citizens and nobles, all intertwined in lively conversations.

Their presence lent an air of celebration to the atmosphere. Excitement pulsed through the gathering, fueling the anticipation in the air.

Suddenly, King Lashure, Queen Mele, and the prince and princesses ascended the raised platform, drawing the attention of the citizens to the stage.

In the midst of the vibrant festivities, a hush fell over the crowd as King Lashure stepped forward, his regal presence commanding attention.

His voice resonated with strength and authority as he began his speech.

"Esteemed guests, honored allies, and beloved citizens," he began, his voice carrying across the gathering.

"Today, we gather not only to celebrate but to acknowledge a savior who appeared in our darkest hour, when our lands fell into turmoil and despair."

As the king spoke, his words stirred the hearts of everyone gathered, their eyes fixed on him with reverence and gratitude.

He continued, recounting the tale of how this mysterious figure, known as Archer, emerged as a beacon of hope, rescuing thousands of soldiers and citizens from the clutches of Kagian slavery.

"With unwavering courage and not looking for any reward or honors, the White Dragon stood as a guardian of our lands, leading us towards the light," King Lashure declared, his voice filled with admiration.

"He not only saved lives but also inspired unity and brought about monumental changes."

Lashure's words hung in the air, as he went on to explain the profound transformations that the presence of the white dragon had brought to their kingdoms.

He spoke of the alliance forged between Nethania Kingdom, Aquarian Kingdom, and the Zenia Empire, highlighting the strength and prosperity that had blossomed through their combined efforts.

"Our Tri-alliance stands as a testament to the power of unity and shared purpose," King Lashure proclaimed, his voice swelling with pride.

"Together, we have ushered in an era of harmony, collaboration, and prosperity for our lands."

His words resonated through the gathering, cheers and applause erupted from everyone.

King Lashure stepped forward and hushed the crowd as he pointed at Archer who stood there with a stupid look on his face.

"From this day forward, that young man there will be known as the Hero of Aquaria, he will be given all honors that come with such a title."

The whole crowd turned to Archer with wide eyes as the king stopped talking. He looked at a group of men with a smile and motioned to them to come forward.

Chapter 118 Announcements.

Mele gestured for the trio to join her on stage. Archer, Teuila, and Ella climbed the stairs, As they approached the beautiful Queen, a warm smile greeted them.

"Come, stand by my side," Mele beckoned, arranging the three next to her, their presence adding to the regal ensemble.

They stood alongside the other members of the Royal family. King Lashure, adorned in his majestic Royal attire, stood tall on the stage, a beaming smile on his face.

Standing beside him were two dignified figures, Emperor Amkhu Sharifi and King Rayhan Samra.

Turning around to address the two men, King Lashure spoke with a tone of camaraderie and joy.

"Emperor Amkhu Sharifi and King Rayhan Samra, it brings me great joy to see you here with us today."

Emperor Amkhu stood tall, his sun-kissed complexion and deep brown hair and eyes emanating an aura of wisdom.

He adorned himself in Zenian imperial robes, their intricate designs reminiscent of the attire seen in ancient Egypt in Archer's past life.

With a genuine smile on his face, Amkhu responded to Lashure's words, his voice filled with sincerity.

"It is truly a pleasure to see you again, my old friend. This day has been long-awaited, and I am grateful that it has finally arrived. Perhaps now, we can find a way to tame my free-spirited daughter."

Laughter filled the air as the two rulers shared a moment of camaraderie. Meanwhile, King Rayhan Samra interjected with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"You two old goats are fortunate to have daughters." He quipped, his red hair catching the light.

"As for me, I am blessed with four wives but only have been given sons. It seems the gods have chosen a different path for me."

Rayhan, though slightly shorter than his counterparts, exuded strength and power with his muscular build and fiery locks.

The two men exchanged amused glances, King Lashure, still chuckling, couldn't resist adding another jest.

"Perhaps if you focused as much effort on pleasing your wives as you do on sculpting your body, a daughter would grace your presence," he teased.

The jovial atmosphere continued as the two men burst into laughter again, while Rayhan playfully rolled his eyes with a smile on his face.

However, their amusement was interrupted by the voice of a woman with a seductive Zenian accent.

"Gentlemen," she interjected, her voice cutting through the laughter, "let us save the catching up for later. Lashure still has important announcements to make."

Her words brought the lighthearted banter to an end, redirecting their attention back to the purpose of the gathering.

Lashure nodded at Hatshepsut Sharifi, the Empress of the Zenia Empire. He got closer to the crowd as he started to speak.

"My dear subjects," he began, his voice carrying a mix of excitement and authority.

"I stand before you today with a momentous announcement, one that will shape the future of our kingdoms."

He paused, allowing the words to sink in, before continuing, "In the spirit of unity and alliance, Emperor Amkhu Sharifi and I have made a decision that will bind our kingdoms and empire even closer. We have agreed that when our beloved daughters, Teuila Aquaria and Nefertiti Sharifi, reach the age of nineteen, they shall be wed to none other than Archer, the White Dragon."

Gasps of surprise and excitement rippled through the crowd, followed by whispers that spread like wildfire.

All eyes turned to Archer, who stood beside the royal family with a mixture of astonishment and curiosity etched on his face.

Lashure's voice carried on, resolute and confident, "This marriage will not only unite our kingdoms in a bond of friendship and peace, but it will also solidify the Tri-Alliance between the Nethania Kingdom, Aquarian Kingdom, and Zenia Empire."

The crowd erupted into applause, a loud chorus of approval and support. Lashure raised his hand, signaling for silence once more.

"As we celebrate this union of our kingdoms and the bright future it promises, let us remember that our unity will pave the way for prosperity, strength, and harmony. May this alliance endure the test of time, and may our realms thrive under the wings of the White Dragon!"

The cheers filled the square, rising to a crescendo that spread joy and excitement in the air.

Archer looked around, his eyes scanning the exuberant crowd. He couldn't believe the overwhelming happiness he saw reflected in their faces.

Next to him, Ella radiated pure joy, her smile shining brightly. Archer was still in awe of the surprising news about a third girl.

Ella turned to Teuila and spoke about their upcoming journey. As time passed, Archer delved into his own thoughts.

He cursed his past self, the oblivious Archer who had failed to recognize Ella's love and foolishly relegated her to the friend zone.

King Lashure's voice continued to reverberate through the square, announcing further details of the alliance and its implications, Archer's attention wavered.

He decided to check his status after not doing it for a while.

'Status.'

[Experience: 900/15000]

[Level Up: 140>142]

[SP: 0>6]

[Mana: 25000>25500]

[Magic unlocked: Aquarian Magic]

[Stamina: 3800>4000]

[Cosmic Sword: 4>5]

His gaze instinctively shifted towards Teuila, who was engaged in a conversation with Ella and her mother.

'Was it the kiss or our growing connection?' he thought.

In the midst of his thinking, he heard King Lashure instruct the civilians to enjoy the celebration.

The crowd erupted in joyous cheers, and those on the stage began to make their way back to the palace.

Ella and Teuila walked beside the Queen, while Lashure accompanied the other rulers. It was during this time that he heard a gentle chirp, capturing his attention.

His gaze fell upon Sera, her beaming face captivating his heart. Without hesitation, Archer grabbed her and enveloped her in a warm hug that made the fairy dragon really happy.

Overwhelmed with affection, he lavished Sera with kisses and gentle caresses, much to her delight, who reveled in his affection.

Unbeknownst to Archer, the Queen's sister, Malia, observed the heartwarming scene with a smile as she thought to herself.

'To think, this is the new White Dragon. Despite enduring the hardships, he radiates a love for his pet dragon that surpasses anything that an ordinary person would show.'

Shaking her head as she smiles.

The large group entered the palace and continued to celebrate. As the festivities erupted within the palace ballroom, the air became infused with the rhythmic beats of Aquarian music.

Archer found himself swept up in the lively atmosphere, surrounded by joyous laughter and dancing.

Amidst the celebration, Teuila gracefully approached him, her blue eyes gleaming with warmth.

With a playful smile, she extended her hand, inviting him to join her on the dance floor. Unable to resist her charm, Archer accepted the invitation, taking her hand in his.

The soft, melodic tunes filled the air, Archer found himself caught in the enchanting embrace of Teuila's arms.

They moved together in perfect harmony, their bodies swaying to the rhythm, their hearts starting to beat as one.

Her radiant smile reflected the flickering grand hall lights, casting a glow that illuminated their connection.

Their eyes locked, speaking volumes without the need for words.

At that moment, it felt as if time stood still, and nothing else mattered but the gentle sway of their bodies and the undeniable chemistry between them.

The world around them seemed to fade away as Archer led Teuila in a graceful dance. Every touch, every twirl, carried an electric charge, igniting a fire within their souls.

Their movements were a language of growing love, a dance of desire that only they could understand.

As the song reached its crescendo, Archer released Teuila from his embrace. Yet, before he could do anything, a familiar petite figure appeared before him.

Ella's eyes shimmered with love as she extended her hand, silently inviting Archer to dance. He took her hand without hesitation.

They gracefully moved across the dance floor, memories of their shared past flooded his mind, filling their dance with a big smile on his face and a deep sense of connection with her.

Archer and Ella danced together, their bodies moving in perfect harmony to the music's gentle rhythm.

The warmth of the ballroom surrounded them, creating an intimate atmosphere that seemed to exist solely for them.

As they twirled across the dance floor, Ella gazed into Archer's eyes, her smile radiant with happiness. She leaned in closer, her voice barely a whisper amidst the enchanting music.

"I am so incredibly happy, Archer," Ella confessed, her voice filled with sincerity. "Meeting Teuila has been really nice, and us getting engaged, has been a dream come true."

His heart swelled with affection as he held her closer, their steps growing more graceful with each passing moment.

He brushed a strand of hair from her face, his gaze filled with adoration.

"I feel the same way, Ella," he replied softly, his voice tinged with emotion. "Having you in my life is a treasure beyond anything. You bring joy and light to my world."

In that tender embrace, surrounded by the music and their shared affection, Archer and Ella reveled in the beauty of their connection.

Chapter 119 The Drakebane's Fate.

[This contains plot elements read if you want to understand the plot in the future]

[The Drakebane Family from Frostholm, 20 years before Archer's birth]

Inside the confines of their home, a young boy sat huddled with his sister, their faces etched with worry.

The father clasped a chalice filled with wine, parting his lips to take a sip, when a woman's voice resonated through the room.

"Nikolai, we must flee this city. It has become too dangerous, we must ensure the safety of Nyx and Alexander before anything happens," she urged.

A figure entered the room, a woman with flowing black hair and horns atop her head. Her red eyes wandered to her husband.

The man finished the wine and replied in a fed-up tone, "Amara, we can't run yet. Look at what happened to the Reece Family. They didn't get far before they were captured."

She attempted to speak, but before she could, a blood-curdling scream was heard from outside.

Fear gripped them as they exchanged looks filled with dread. With panic in their voices, Amara turned to their two children.

"Stay here, my darlings," She whispered, her voice trembling. "Don't move, no matter what happens."

The children nodded, their eyes wide with a mix of confusion and terror as they watched their parents look out the window.

As they did, their worst nightmares turned into reality. Rat-like creatures, with gnarled features and malevolent red eyes, were dragging the Travis family from their house.

The air became thick with black smoke as the mansion was set alight. Dark rain, and the agonizing screams of dying people as the creatures ruthlessly slaughtered them.

Amara and Nikolai stood frozen in shock, their hands covering their mouths to stifle their own screams.

Tears welled up in her eyes as they witnessed the Rat-Men dragging the still-warm corpses toward a hole that had suddenly appeared in the family's garden.

The scene that unfolded before them was like a terrifying nightmare coming to life, filling their entire being with terror.

At that moment, they realized that their once peaceful lives had been shattered, and they needed to flee.

The following days unfolded in a similar fashion as they helplessly watched more neighbors being dragged away.

Amara successfully persuaded her husband of the urgent need to depart, suggesting a route towards the southern region in order to reach the central Duchy.

With fear coursing through their veins, the family gathered the remaining food and left the temporary safety their home offered them.

Quietly, they moved through narrow alleys, concealing themselves from the evil creatures and lurking monsters that dwelled in the shadows.

The air reeked with a foul stench, and their hearts raced with fear. The distant scurrying and gnashing teeth sent shivers down their spines.

Their eyes darted anxiously, glimpsing the lurking rat-men in the shadows, their red eyes gleaming with malice.

United and gripping each other's hands tightly, the family sought refuge from these nightmarish creatures.

Huddled behind a crumbling carriage, the Drakebanes crouched low, their hearts throbbing with terror.

In the moonlight, a procession of twisted and grotesque humanoids revealed itself, a sight that sent chills down their spines.

Their eyes emitted an eerie, sickly red glow, while their mouths contorted into unnatural shapes, showcasing a menacing array of sharp, jagged teeth.

The air filled with a chilling breeze as they shuffled past, emitting guttural, otherworldly sounds that sent shivers down their spines.

Each step reverberated through the ground, signaling their approach. The family held their breath, their bodies trembling, praying that their hiding place remained undetected.

Their minds raced with thoughts of escape, their eyes wide with horror as they witnessed the grotesque figures pass by.

Their souls were chilled by the sinister presence that lingered in the air.

After the creatures vanished they made their way toward the abandoned city square, when they arrived Nyx witnessed a horrific sight that would forever haunt her.

The corpses of the citizens were suspended in a grotesque manner from improvised poles, displaying signs of torn flesh and missing or severed limbs.

Nyx's eyes locked onto a vile congregation of Rat-Men, suddenly, a piercing scream echoed as a blood-soaked woman emerged from the crowd, clutching a baby tightly.

In her frenzied desperation, she locked eyes with the frightened Drakebane family and raced toward them.

Panic gripped their hearts, but before they could react, she was captured.

A long, sharp chain coiled around her neck with vicious force. The unbearable tension reached its climax, unleashing a horrifying eruption of blood-soaked terror.

Fear coursed through Nyx's fragile form, her sanity teetering on the edge of an unspeakable abyss.

But when her mother tightly squeezed her hand, a testament to her strength, she drew the courage to persevere, even though her spirit was on the brink of shattering.

As the family attempted to flee, a deep sense of fear filled the air, growing stronger when one of the Rat-Men locked eyes with them, his gaze penetrating and menacing.

The creature's snout abruptly veered, locking onto their scent, and swiftly turned its head in their direction.

"Run now! I'll hold them back, giving you time to escape."

Nyx, stood frozen, her eyes locked on her father blocking the path they were fleeing.

At that moment, her father's hands danced with lightning magic, an intricate weaving of power against the encroaching horde.

"Lightning Strike!"

His voice echoed through the air as Nikolai unleashed his spell, bolts of lightning cascading down and cleaving through the approaching rat men.

Explosions erupted, sending shockwaves rippling through the surrounding darkness.

Amara watched through tear-filled eyes as her beloved husband willingly sacrificed himself, fully aware that his brave act would only grant them mere moments of respite.

She knelt before her two children, her voice trembling with a mix of love and sorrow.

"My darlings, I must aid your father or none of us shall escape."

Her gaze settled on Draven, her words heavy with emotion. "Draven, take your sister and flee. Find your father's trusted friend, Sia Silverthorn, in the Capital. She will provide you with sanctuary."

Nyx cried, feeling the heavy burden of heartbreak weighing upon her young heart as she watched her parents leave.

Draven, understanding the gravity of their sacrifice, steeled himself with unwavering resolve.

Amara rose to her feet, urging her tearful children away, her eyes brimming with anguish. "Stay safe, my darlings. May joy and happiness find you both in this life."

Nyx and Draven sprinted down the road but halted to glance back at their parents. Fear gripped their hearts as they witnessed their valiant struggle against the monstrous creatures, fighting relentlessly with unwavering determination.

Electricity crackled through the air, sparking fiery clashes between light and darkness, and lightning battled against the formidable forces that endangered their very survival.

Tears filled Nyx's eyes, her hands shaking as she tried to grasp the overwhelming sight in front of her.

Her parents facing unimaginable danger was almost unbearable for her, but she couldn't turn her eyes away.

In the midst of the chaos, her mother's eyes locked with hers, and with a heartfelt smile, she mouthed the words lost amid the sound of battle.

"My daughter, I love you," her voice swallowed by the screeching around them.

As the vile creatures lunged, Nyx's mother unleashed torrents of beautiful red flames, scorching their hideous forms and creating a temporary barrier.

Firestorms erupted, attempting to block the path of the creatures, while Nikolai rained down lightning upon them.

She witnessed her father's dazzling display of power, summoning bolts of lightning that crackled through the air, electrifying the battlefield.

But the insatiable hunger of the swarm drove them to tear through the fiery defense, closing in on their prey.

Despair echoed in the anguished cries of the siblings, their voices drowned out by the chaos. As the horde swarmed over their parents with savage anger, their screams piercing the night.

Nyx's heart shattered as she watched the flames fade and the lightning flicker, witnessing her parent's ultimate sacrifice.

The rats tore them apart, a horrifying scene etched forever in her mind.

Something inside her snapped, and she stood motionless, her spirit numb. It was then that she heard a mysterious voice of a woman speak.

"In your veins flows the blood of my loyal Black Dragons, child," the eerie voice reverberated through her thoughts.

"In your hour of need, I bestow upon you this gift. In 35 years, seek out a white-haired boy, for he alone holds the key to your happiness."

The voice went quiet, leaving Nyx trembling with rage and madness.

But then, it spoke again, a bone-chilling command that pierced her very soul. "Embrace your destiny and move forward. Annihilate your foes and thrive!"

An electric surge coursed through her veins, and she felt a profound transformation overtake her.

Nyx's once lustrous black hair turned an eerie shade of white, then shifted back to its original color.

One of her eyes turned red while the other turned yellow reflecting the turmoil within her.

Amidst the agonizing grief for her fallen parents, Nyx's mana erupted into a chaotic frenzy. Swirls of red, black, and yellow energy danced around her, emanating a menacing aura.

Draven observed his sister, Nyx, erupting into laughter as she started to unleash powerful spells, effortlessly eliminating hundreds of creatures.

She was consumed by fury and went on to slaughter anything that crossed her path.

As Nyx ventured further into the city, leaving Draven behind, he felt torn between assisting her and or trying to escape this hell.

The conflict attracted a growing number of repulsive rats, their grotesque presence escalating and encroaching upon Draven, overpowering his senses.

Recognizing the pressing danger, Draven understood that he had no alternative but to retreat from the encroaching horde of rats.

Chapter 120 The Drakebane's Fate.(End)

[This contains plot elements read if you want to understand the plot in the future]

Draven ran frantically through the empty streets, his heart racing in his chest.

Behind him, the relentless hordes of Rat-Men scurried after him, hurling makeshift spears in his direction.

The projectiles whizzed past, grazing his skin and leaving trails of blood in their wake.

Around him was a nightmarish scene of chaos and despair. He witnessed the grisly sight of people engaged in brutal combat, their cries for help drowned out by the creatures howls.

The air reeked of blood and fear, suffocating his senses. Amidst the chaos, a group of valiant guards formed a shield wall across a narrow road.

The guards barred the path behind the fleeing citizens.

Draven, panting and exhausted, halted to catch his breath, his eyes scanning the surroundings for a place to hide.

However, his relief turned to dread as he witnessed a nightmarish sight unfolding before him.

Figures, twisted and grotesque, leaped from the rooftops with an unnatural agility.

Brandishing wicked blades, they mercilessly thrust them into the backs of the unsuspecting guards.

The Rat-Men descended upon the soldiers and innocent civilians alike, unleashing a reign of terror.

The air filled with the cacophony of horrified screams and bloodcurdling wails, merging into a symphony of chaos.

Draven looked around and spotted a broken carriage that had crates in it, it was tipped over.

He stealthily concealed himself inside one of the crates, granting him a vantage point over the entire square.

The sights he beheld while concealed within that crate would forever be etched in his memory.

Amidst the chaos and terror, Draven bore witness to a scene of unfathomable carnage. The Rat-Men, with their razor-sharp claws and bloodthirsty hunger, descended upon the survivors.

Their vicious attacks tore through the guards who tried their best to defend the citizens.

The clash of steel against claw filled the air, but the guards were outnumbered and overwhelmed, falling one by one.

Screams echoed through the streets, blending with the wails of terrified citizens.

As the last of the guards succumbed to the onslaught, Draven watched in horror as the surviving citizens were herded into the small square.

The rat-men, along with other foul creatures reveled in their victory, their eyes gleaming with sadistic delight.

In a horrifying display of brutality, the monsters began their onslaught. The air was thick with the cries of innocent men, women, and children as they were savagely torn apart.

Limbs were ripped from torsos, as the vile creatures feasted upon the flesh. No one was spared, as nobles and commoners alike met their gruesome end.

Time seemed to stretch into eternity as the slaughter continued. The rat-men reveled in their sadistic work, piling body parts into a grotesque pyramid that towered over the square.

The stench of blood and death hung heavy in the air, suffocating all hope.

But the horror did not cease. More captives were forcefully dragged forward, their bodies contorted and bloodied, ready to endure a new level of torment.

Nails were driven into their flesh, securing them to wooden poles like grotesque decorations of suffering.

Their agonized screams tore through the night, mixing in a sinister symphony that resonated with the twisted delight of their captors. A monstrous chasm tore open at the center of the square.

Thousands of survivors were thrown into the hole, falling into the darkness. Pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears, drowned out by the cruel indifference of their captors.

Draven's heart pounded in his chest, torn between the urge to flee the despair of the unfolding massacre.

His survival instincts fought against the overwhelming grief and shock that threatened to consume him.

In that harrowing moment, the evil that had befallen the city became all too clear to him.

He bore witness to the unspeakable horrors unfolding before him, a sight that would be burned into his memory.

In a state of fear, he sought solace in sleep, seeking refuge from the nightmarish reality. Yet his respite was short-lived, abruptly interrupted by the sounds of a battle raging nearby.

Rubbing his eyes as he was struggling to fully wake up, Draven heard men fighting the creatures, he took a look outside the crate and saw a group of citizens fighting back.

He crawled out of the crate and looked around, seeing that the path south was clear, he started running to get away from this nightmare.

In the pitch-black night, Draven sprinted through the shadowy streets, his heart pounding in his chest.

The echoes of his footsteps reverberated through the desolate alleys as he weaved and dodged, narrowly evading the prowling rat packs and eerie creatures that lurked in the darkness.

Draven's breath came in ragged gasps as fear propelled him forward, his senses heightened to the slightest sound or movement.

He leaped over debris and darted through narrow passages, his instincts guiding him through the labyrinth.

Each moment felt like an eternity as he pushed his body to its limits, his adrenaline was the only thing keeping him going.

The gnarled claws and glowing red eyes of the rat pack were never far behind, their snarls and hisses echoing through the night.

Draven's heart pounded in his chest, his mind consumed by a relentless surge of adrenaline. Approaching the city walls, his eyes widened in horror.

The path ahead was a gruesome mosaic of blood-soaked earth and dismembered limbs strewn along the road.

Taking a shaky breath, Draven pushed forward, his every step propelled by fear.

Nyx, his beloved sister, lingered in his thoughts, but he knew going back to find her would mean his death.

The dread of losing his entire family to the cursed city haunted him, spurring him to sprint through the streets.

Finally, he reached the city gate, where a chaotic scene unfolded before his eyes. In the distance, refugees scurried in a frenzy, driven by terror.

Stretched across the road, the city guards stood resolute, their dwindling numbers a testament to their bravery, as they held the line.

His gaze fixed upon them as a horde of rats surged forward, their rabid charge threatening to overwhelm the defenders.

Seizing his opportunity, Draven veered away from the chaos, darting into the nearby woods.

As he ran, his path was strewn with the grisly aftermath of the carnage, the lifeless remains of victims torn to pieces.

In the distance, he glimpsed skirmishes between a group of rats and survivors, but it was evident that the odds were swiftly turning against the survivors.

Drawing closer to the edge of the woods, Draven's heart pounded with a mixture of pain and horror

Suddenly, a rat burst from a bush, wielding a sword with murderous intent.

Reacting swiftly, Draven dropped to the ground, narrowly evading the swing, and swiftly jumped to his feet, resuming his desperate sprint.

Emerging from the woods, he was met with a breathtaking sight. The legendary Dawnbreaker unit of the Avalon Empire, renowned for their prowess and indomitable spirit, clashed with the incoming horde.

The massive Dawnbreaker beasts thundered forward, trampling the rats beneath their hooves, leaving a trail of blood and bones in their wake.

Draven's sprint persisted, the screams and howls trailing behind him forcing him to continue running, a chilling soundtrack to his desperate escape.

The soldiers guarding the shield wall granted him passage, recognizing the urgency in his eyes.

As he crossed the line of defenders, his gaze fell upon a group of soldiers assisting frightened people onto waiting wagons.

A towering figure swiftly approached him, effortlessly hoisting Draven onto his broad shoulder, and with a burst of speed, carried him to the nearest carriage.

The soldier placed him in it, once it was full the driver whipped the horses and they started traveling south.

Upon reaching Frostwatch Castle, Draven was confronted with a heart-wrenching reality. Within the vast populace that once thrived, only a mere fraction of 100,000 individuals had managed to endure the unimaginable hardships of the ordeal.

Even among the survivors, the scars of the city's fall ran deep, with many bearing the weight of broken minds and shattered spirits.

As he laid eyes on the Frosthalm Wall, a formidable barrier separating the valley from the outside world, he sensed that this place would inevitably unleash chaos once more.

It was a grim realization that the Empire had taken drastic measures to safeguard the Empire from Frosthalm.

In his relentless quest to discover the fate of his beloved sister Nyx, Draven sought any fragment of information he could gather.

However, his inquiries only yielded sporadic reports from the soldiers stationed atop the towering walls.

Amidst echoing roars and foreboding bursts of red and yellow light, Draven's unwavering determination to locate his sister remained steadfast.

His existence became an eternal lament of regret, fueled by the unresolved mystery of Nyx's whereabouts.

Thus concluded Draven Drakebane's chilling tale of the Doom of Frostholm, leaving behind a haunting warning of the city's inevitable resurrection.